YANKEE GIRLS IN MEXICO.

HOW THEY CONTRAST WITH MAIDENS OF CASTILIAN BLOOD.

The Perturbation of Mexican Johnnies During the Season for Tourists From the North-Views on Love Entertained by the Two Types of Young Women. From the Boston Herald, City of Mexico Letter,

The invasion of the tourist girl at this season gives the smartly dressed and cane-supported Mexican dude many moments of interested speculation. "Los gomosos" line Plateros street, occasionally drift down the street to the doorway of the Iturbide Hotel, and, with a Latin-American atr of affected creole indifference, gaze on the tell, daintily attired and wholly independent daughters of our Uncle Samuel.

During the hours that most men devote to their offices or the conduct of their business, the "lizard" of the Mexican capital hugs the walls of the great shops, preferentially the jewellers', and, nursing his big-headed cane, contemplates, ecstatically the feminine shopping procession. It is a daily exhibition of the wealth, grace and fashionable world of Mexico; fair women mingled in a surging crowd of bullfighters and Bishops, bill collectors and flaneurs, journalists and professional men, passing, always passing, up and down the great central shopping thoroughfare of the city. The provincial and flaunting modes of the women from the provinces, up to the capital on a shopping tour, give rise to the comment of the up-todate women of the metropolis, and the lips of the "gomosos," holding up the walls, curl in derision at the loud colors worn by "las napas," or women

from the interior, who may be rich in mines and haciendas, but who lack "el buen gusto" and the ultra refinements of the federal capital.

Often the "lizard" or "lagartijo, is not ill-looking. His moustachies turn up in the German military style, his eyes are big and bold and very military style, his eyes are big and bold and very black, and his manners are as cultivatedly impudent as his tailor is correct. "El correctismo," good form, is the desire of the young man's heart; every point of his teilet has been duly considered. His ideal is to lounge on the "banquetas," or sidewalks, of the principal street, and dart arient, oft languishing, glances at the daughters of wealthy families. In this manner he spends his late afternoons and his early evenings, when the great shops are all brilliant with light and his late afternoons and his early evenings, when the great shops are all brilliant with light and fair faces approach the windows of the great jewelry shops. Sometimes, grown overbold, the pride of the Plateros street "schar una flor-throws a flower, at the senoritas, or bestows the same delicate attention on the handsome married women. To "schar una flor" is to make a verbal compliment, and it is a high art. The women, compliment, and it is a high art. The women, if the "flor" be graceful, are apt to be pleased rather than offended. The bullfighters, in their mushroom hats and short jackets, have their favorite corner, and their compliments are Andalusian in poetic eloquence.

It is into this daily procession up and down the great thoroughfare which has for social termin the Jockey club "zaguan," or entrance, and La Perla jewelry store, that the tall, slender, daintly attired American tourist girls are plunged.

termin the Jockey club "zaguan," or entrance, and La Perla jewelry store, that the tall, slender, daintly attired American tourist girls are plunged. What charming heads, svelle forms, pretty audacities of color and independence of manner the observant "gomoso" finds. It is a type he never wearies of studying, he exchanges mumberless observations with his companion "hzards" as they hug the wall and let the girls go by.

Taller is the fair tourista than the average young Mexican gallant, and he has to look up to her pretty face to catch her eye. And this feat of an upward glance of adoration lends piquancy to the young dandy's sport of woman-ogling. That the American girl is rich, her father a multimillionaire, is an article of faith among the dudes of Plateros street. Hence she is a gallant prize to be won, if that he possible, and the deed done, the financial future of the dude is assured. Ignorant of the language, the fair "Americana passes the "toreros," with their mushroom hats, and deliriously aroused by the sight of the "hermosa yangut." Spain hauls down the flag of blood and gold again as the daughter of Uncle Sam trips by, and Spain does so chivalrously and gallantly. Winged words in the clipped Spanish of Andalusia are shot at "la tourista," but she heeds not the compliment, and the bull-lighters are chagrined and swear they will give up flirtations and "copitas" of sherry, and learn English!

Grave priests sween by in their great cloaks,

under which they hide the soultane, which must not legally be exhibited, and they, too, glance at the American girl, tall, Gibsonian, of lovely complexion and eyed a deep, liquid gray or a blue so it the sky of Mexico. And often the priest turns to catch another glimpse of this high novelty, this "alta novedad," on the streets of ancient Mexico.

Mexico.
The eval-faced Mexican women are of another The oval-faced Mexican women are of another type. They early incline to embouncint, they are soft-eyed, their lashes are long, and their little feet take them glidingly over the ground, for still is the walk of the woman of Spanish blood enchanting, and turns the heads of Americans and the modern Mexican as it did that far-famed "menco," the sober heads of the Roman military hiels stationed in the southern provinces of Ibeia

centuries ago.

It is February, the Mexican spring begins, the odor of violets fills the air, and a delicious languor steals over one's senses; and in this mode one stops to "aze on this wonderful procession of the women of Mexico, daughters of the tropics, their voices low, and grave, and sweet, and their special soft liquid syllables which hint of love and hap piness. It is New Spain, Spain transplanted to the tropics, under a more southerly sun, that you see here. Once in a while a daughter of the Moors passes, her step elastic, Arabian; her eyes are dark as the night on the desert, her locks are black and glossy, and you know why the poets of the Moor has persisted in Spain and in Spain's colonies. He has left his most useful words sprinkled all through the daily vocabulary; he has influenced pronunciation, and has made the laws of secial life to a considerable degree.

Cold is the Northerner who remains in Mexico and keeps his heart! Here are women to inspire passion, women who recall the heroines of the Andalusian-Moriscan ballads, for the type persists, is as strong to day as eight centuries ago. languor steals over one's senses; and in this most one stops to caze on this wonderful procession of the women of Mexico, daughters of the tropics, their voices low, and grave, and sweet, and their speech all soft liquid syllables which hint of love and hap piness. It is New Spain, Spain transplanted to the tropics, under a more southerly sun, that you see here. Once in a while a daughter of the Moors passes, her step elastic, Arabian; her eyes are dark as the night on the desert, her locks are black and glossy, and you know why the poets of the Orient have celebrated her in delicate verse. The Moor has persisted in Spain and in Spain's colonies. He has left his most useful words sprinkled all through the daily vocabulary; he has influenced pronunciation, and has made the laws of social life to a considerable degree.

Cold is the Northerner who remains in Mexico and keeps his heart! Here are women to inspire passion, women who recall the heroines of the Andaiustan-Moriscan ballads, for the type persists, is as strong to day as eight centuries ago. The stately Aragonese, the proud and haughty daughter of the Castiles, the rosy-checked women of the lofty Basque country, recently celebrated by Loti, and the little women of Andaiusia, who open their eyes and —conquer!

Among these women the American girl re-

of the lotty Basque country, recently celebrated by Lott, and the little women of Andalusia, who open their eyes and—conquer!

Among these women the American girl remains distinct, as of the north, self-centred, self-guided, her code of conduct her own, and, somehow, not recalling the English women or the remote Scandinavians whose blood flows in her veins. In dress she is distinct from the women of the upper class here. She is slender, she is tall, and she affects the high-colored silk waist, the formidable high white collar, and her hat sits differently on her head. She walks as if accustomed to go alone, to go anywhere unquestioned. There is the light of intellect in her eyes; she is one who questions, thinks, and is of the moderns most modern. She meets dignitaries of church and state on equal terms, and dares interrogate them. She matches the tall young American men, clear of hue, well groomed, direct and business like. Youth and maid are of the same slock; they seem not likely to plunge into love, a guitar and poetry. They will pass their epsode of love-making discreetly, without sighing like a furnace, and will have a very clear idea of each the other before the nuplist knot is tied. Homance with them will be discreetly kept in check; there are more important questions, the future home, how its to be maintained, where kept in check; there are more important questions, the future home, how its to be maintained, where the good clothes, the theatre and opera tick and and all those things are to come from. And

and all those things are to come from. And they will wed, and their children will grow up tail, fair and keen-eyed, as if questioning destiny, and afraid not of the gods themselves.

The Mexican woman with the blood of Spain, and a dash oftimes of the Arabian in her veins, will love, often without wisdom, allowing the unworthy to win her heart. She will love on devotedly, even if neglected, but when her heart is at peace in marriage she will shine, a queen of home and empress of the affections. She is capable of romantic, uncalculating love, and in poverty she remains the same, true and sweet and patient.

and patient.
Usually it is her destiny to live out her life in the tranquillity of her semi-Moorish home, amid her flowers and her birds and her babies, and the children grow up adorting their mothers, worshipping her into old age, and mourning her at her death with heartfelt sorrow. To be reigning queen of hearts is the aspiration of the woman with Spanish blood. She is ardent, but not shallow, the current of her love runs deep. She has no notion of business; regards money and money making as an alfair of men, and is often, in widowhood, exploited remorselessly. She is religious, most devout, and the ancient church is her refuge in all the trials of life. In her piety there is no calculation of advantages to be gained by faithfulness to church dutes. Her heart is in her religion, and you will never change her creed A great home with heligid saints, a house of light and warmth and splendor, and the sisterly love, abounding and unending, of the Virgin, that is the Catholic Church to the Mexican woman. Her nature is warm, her ideals nobly ardent, her nature rich and infinitely delicate. The negations of Protestantism, its barrenness, cannot at tend her She sees, not its noble anatorities. I patient. Usually it is her desuny to live out her life in nature rich and infinitely delicate. The negations of Protestantism, its barrenness, cannot attract her. She sees not its noble austerities; its calm adherence to logic she could not understand. She belongs in the ancient church of her race, where it is all like a great family, a host of helpers, a cloud of witnesses, and the priest the expresentative of the Most High. The polygamist religions are to her things accursed. She wants to be supreme in her husband's heart.

Thus on the continent there are two types of women, the northern and the tropical. They are as remote from each other as they ever have been since the cold north blanched the cheeks of the blue-eyed maidens, and the warm. South made its women romantic lovers.

It is wholly unlikely that the intellectual movement so characteristic of the times in the United States, England and France will extend into the tropics. Where there is warmth and much

he tropics. Where there is warmth and much ways of life, neither men nor women are going to puzzle their brains for an explanation of the universe. Women's clubs are excite things in these low latitudes; only foreign women have energy enough for them, and it is doubtful if a second generation of them born here would be literary or investigating. It is one of the chief charms of these lands of the sun that one's think

ing is not strenuous. Magnetized by the sun, people grow content with life as it is, as it softly moves onward to eternity. That nobody, by hard thinking, can find out anything really worth knowing is the inborn conviction of every true child of the tropics.

Some of the women of these lands are content to live the life that custom has made seemly and right. They may be big children, but they are lovable children, and the masculine sex is content with them as they are.

So climate and race traditions are stronger than foreign precepts and example. Many women here take pleasure in books, but in a quiet way; they rarely discuss them with any one. They have their favorite writers, Shanish and French, almost never English or American, and they are content to read a good book many times. And there is no intellectual movement of any force among the men. The better educated among them read mostly in French, and know much of art, belies lettres and science and its progress, but the man swayed by his intellect, eager to learn and to impart and to make disciples, is not known. One could not imagine a tropical

but the man swayed by his intellect, eager to learn and to impart and to make disciples, is not known. One could not imagine a trojical Emerson, or a Mexican Thoreau, although there are plenty of men in these lands who love nature and solitude as dearly as the Hermit of Walden Pond. But they have not the gift of analyzing and writing down their feelings; possibly would deem it, somewhat, undignified to do so.

It is a new world here to the Northerner who takes all knowledge to be his province, who is speculative intellectually, and given to communicating his ideas on man and life and destiny. Here he must be still, for he would not be understood, and in a few years the magic of the sun, the drowse of the climate, will restore him to the normal state of a human being, child of the present and content therewith.

And there are hancy Americans in these lands.

ent and content therewith.

And there are happy Americans in these lands, scattered over the plains and dwellers among the hills, who have become passive enjoyers of life, who have eaten of the lotos, who will not return to the lands of winds and snow and wearying endeavor. They have come under the spell of the solar magician, and they are glad to be still and forget.

PARALYZED BY FRIGHT.

An Experience Set Forth to Illustrate What the Expression Means.

From the New Orleans Times Democra'. "Very few grown up people know what fright eally means, except perhaps in dreams," said the quietest man in the group of night owls who had been spinning yarns in the hotel corridor. When I speak of fright," he continued, "I don't mean alarm in any of its ordinary senses-I mean that sort of brute panic that robs a man of speech thought and volition; that turns him sick and cold; that leaves such a deep and indelible scar on his whole nervous organism that the very memory of it, years afterward, will make him quail and shudder. It is impossible, in my opinon, for mere danger to produce that feeling, even in the rankest cowards, for you must bear in mind it is not fear that I am endeavoring to describe, but something entirely different, something against which personal courage furnishes no immunity whatever. When a man is afraid his instinct is to run away, to escape, when he is frightened, he has no such impulse—

when he is frightened, he has no such impulse—
he simply suffers.

"In 1889 I was holding a job as proofreader
in a big printing establishment in Chicago. The
building then occupied by the concern was a
rambling old barracks of a place and the little
inclosure where I worked was in the extreme rear
of the upper floor, which was used as a composing room. Next to my cubbyhole was another and considerably larger inclosure, where a
religious weekly was set up on special contract.
That second room had a sinister reputation, for
the sufficiently startling reason that it had been
the scene of two suicides. A former collector the scene of two suicides. A former collector for the firm, who was short in his accounts, had gone there to blow his brains out, and later on a poor old printer, broken down and despondent, had cut his throat in front of the cracked looking

poor old printer, broken down and despondent, had cut his throat in front of the cracked looking glass which hung over the sink. All that happened long before my time, but the memory of it abided, and it seemed to invest the place with a peculiar air of gloom. I have gone into these details to give you an idea of the lay of the premises, and now I liget to the point.

"One night, in the fall of the year, I had an unusual lot of proofs to read, and decided to go back, after a late supper, and finish them up before going to bed. When I reached the building on my return from the restaurant everybody had gone, and the place was as black and silent as a cave, but I let myself in at a side door and groped my way upstairs, fumbling in my pockets for a match. To my annoyance I deln't have a single one, but I remembered there was a boxful on a table in the office of the religious weekly, and knowing the composing room pretty thoroughly I started without hesitation for my den.

"The sky was stormy and overcast that night, and inside the building it was perfectly dark, so dark that I literally couldn't see my hand before my face. Nevertheless, I rached the proofroom without any michap, and had just opened the door of the adjoining inclosure to get the matches, when the thought of the two suicides flashed through my brain and sent an icy shiver down my spine. For a moment I had an impulse to back out and beat a retreat, and, while I put that aside, I wont deny that I was considerably unnerved. The loneliness of the place, the pitch darkness, the whispering noises one can always hear in a big empty building at night, and the memory of that ghastly story of self-murder, all made my heart beat like a drum, and it required every particle of resolution I possessed memory of that ghastly story of self-murder all made my heart beat like a drum, and it re

I explain.

"A printer, whom I knew very well, and who was the sot of the office, was standing beside one of the cases in a drunken doze. He had been on a spree, and when the office was closed was lying asleep, unnoticed, behind a pile of paper. My steps on the stairs had aroused him, and he staggered to his feet and stood there, silent and stupid, until I blundered against him in the dark."

"Aunt Polly" Barnett Dead After Seeking a Lost Daughter for Twenty Years.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., March 17 .- "Aunt Polly" Barnett, whose long search for her daughter made her known all over the southern part of Indiana, is dead. A week before her death she was taken into the home of a kind woman at Linton, Green county, and there she died. and her story, subscribed for the funeral expenses and a large number of people were at the Methodist Church when the Rev. William Buck conducted the services. Another fund is being raised by subscription for a monument.

Her maiden name was Lay and she was born in Rentucky at least sixty years ago. She was first married to a man named Sexton and after his death she was married to a man named Bar-nett. She had one child, a daughter, by her marriage with Sexton, and it was this girl's disappearance that made her an insane wanderer. John Bays, who was Prosecuting Attorney of Green county at the time the girl disappeared,

Green county at the time the girl disappeared, relates the story as follows:

"The daughter left the house one morning twenty years ago and had not returned by evening. The next day a search for her was began and the mother continued it until she was unequal to further tramping about the country. In my investigation I soon made up my mind that the daughter had been put out of the way by some person or persons to escape exposure at her hands. I finally concluded that three persons knew something about her disappearance. I also reached a conclusion that she was drowned in White River and that her body was anchored at the bottom of the river. We found footprints in the sand along the shore in a secluded spot and there portions of her clothing were found. While I was entirely convinced of these facts I could get no evidence on which to proceed against the suspected persons. I followed the career of the three men and each met with a tragic death.

Accompanied by her younger daughter, a child of Barnett, the mother began her search. She walked up and down the banks of the river and of other streams in the same part of the State. After several years she abandoned the river and streams and began looking into the faces of women in the towns and villages of southern Indiana. She visited by her regularly. The daughter who accompanied her, always walking just behind her, grew into womanhood. They were seen in all kinds of weather. They slept in hovels, in strawstacks or under trees. They ate what was given to them and no housewife in southern Indiana ever turned them away without food or the offer of clothing. "Aunt Polly's" search awakened sympathy everywhere. A few years ago the daughter ded from consumption. She was buried in a country cemetory, but a year of so ago her mother became dissatished with her resting place and exhumed the body and carried the bones elsewhere, but where no one has ever known. After her daughter's death, she was accompanied by a large black cat which, she requested before her death, should be

This is usually as true of an advertisement as of a news or editorial statement.—Adv.

HOUSE SERVANT FAMINE.

THE SUPPLY OF DOMESTICS IS FAR BELOW THE DEMAND.

One Bureau Could Find Places for 500-Prejudice Against Service One Cause of the Searcity-Increased Demand Following Life in Flats-Other Cities Suffer. Within a few days the New York Free Emloyment Bureau has sent out a call for 500 domestic servants. This number can be placed at once. In fact the bureau has been overrun for the last month with women who clamor for servants to do general housework. The house ervant famine is by no means new to this city but just at present it seems to be more pressing than ever before. In fact, it is the opinion of experts on the subjects that domestic servants are yearly becoming scarcer and that within a short period, unless there is a radical change in the situation the man of average means will have to import his cook and second girl from the surrounding country or let his wife do the housework. Nor is this trouble peculiar to New York alone. Other large cities suffer from it and in Chicago one of the big hotels is going to try men for chambermaids' work because it can't get the chambermaids in sufficient

Just what is the cause of the immediate dearth is a question not easily answered. In general, however, the cause is to be found in that prejudice which declares that the domestic servant shall be considered lower in the social scale than the woman who works in a factory or does manual labor of a commercial nature, and this despite the fact that the domestic is in reality much better paid and has better opportunities of saving money than the factory girl or even than the average shopgirl. Here is a conversation overheard in an elevated train recently between two factory

"What's your sister doing, Celia" I hear she's left the the factory. "Yes ;she's too sickly for the work. She'

gone to the country." "Ain't she working any more "Yes: she's workin' there."

reckoned the wages by the month.

"Got a good job" "She's gettin' 820 a month; 85 a week, I mean. "Oh, she's out at service," said the first girl quick o catch the meaning of the other's slip when she

Yes, she is," said the questioned girl defiantly, She had to do something." "Ain't it too bad?" said the first girl. "I wont

she can come back when she gets stronger." "Maybe" agreed Celia lifelessly. "She feels it terrible and so does Mother. An she's so

ashamed she wont let Tim go out to see her an' he's been her steady for morn' a year." ashamed she wont let Tim go out to see her an' he's seen her steady for morn' a year."

Those two girls worked in a button factory. It appeared from their further conversation that they got 86 a week, out of which they had to pay their board at home. Their hours were long and they worked in ill ventilated and not too well lighted rooms, under a foreman whose treatment of them was such as no domestic servant would endure for a day. Yet they spoke of the girl who had gone out to domestic service as if she had sold herself into slavery. There is the root of the whole matter, the objection of the average working girl to being a servant. So long as she works for a firm, no matter how poorly paid she may be or how bard her work and the conditions under which she does it, she regards lerself as a working woman, work lady, her term would more probably be and therefore as being distinctly above the domestic servant. Undoubtedly the working girl has more freedom than the servant, but it is difficult to see any other advantage. the working girl has more freedom than the serv-ant, but it is difficult to see any other advantage on her side. People who have made a study of the conditions of working women say post-tively that the domestic servant as a rule marries better than the factory girl, so it would seem that the social embargo does not extend beyond the feminine consideration. In the matter of marriages one suggested reas n from the lack of servants now is that the present prosperity among working men has resulted in many marriages and the men has resulted in many marriages and the consequent departure of the brides from taking care of other people's homes to take care of homes of their own. As a single instance of this apartconsequent repople's homes to take care of homes of their own. As a single instance of this apartment house in Brooklyn may be citted. There are six apartments in the building. Five of those apartments are at present servantless, every one of the servants in them having been married within the month. Therefore the tenants are eating at restaurants and between meals wandering about wringing their hands because they can't get new servants to take the places of the old. In some respects the demand for house servant has changed. Twenty years ago each house servant was a specialist. She was either a cook or a chambermaid, or a second girl or a laundress, or any one of half a dozen other things. That or a chambermaid, or a second girl or a laundress, or any one of half a dozen other things. That is, the demand for servants came mostly from families that could afford to keep at least two servants. People who couldn't afford that number did their own work or boarded. But the rise of the cheap apartment changed all that. To day the great bulk of the demand for domestics comes from people who live in apartments and who

wouldn't have room for more than one servant two or three. To meet the requirements of these conditions a girl must be a cock and must be canable of doing general housework. Many servants 10 years old or more are unable to secure employment now because they have been trained in only one class of work and are unwilling or unable to do general housework.

One never faining source of supply for the seekers after domestics is the Barge Office, but the trouble here is that the newly arrived immigrant girls are of necessity without a reference of any value and are in nine cases out of tou as unfamiliar with the English language as they are with housework. If the mistress of the house chooses to train the servant herself she can always find plenty of material among the newcomers, but she must run the risk, after the training process has achieved some grantying results, of having her pupil leave her for some other place. The floating population in the servant class is almost a thing of the past. Competent domestics are in so great demand that they feel that they can pick and choose their employers particularly when there are several places waiting for each of them. In fact, they are not in the pestion of applicants, but rather in that of judges before whom candidates dearting their valuable services are considered. These are doubless many women who have had the same experience as a young housewife uptown who went to an employment agency for a cook and had ten girls referred to her. Out of these ten just one made her appearance at the house. She said that the place and the wages were saitsfactory and that she would be around the next day to begin work. The next day came but the girl ddn't. It developed afterward that she had decided to go to another eager employer. To complete the housewife's disgust the employment agency refused to return the deposit she had made and only when her husban! threatened the proprietor with arrest was the money returned.

Notwithstanding the lack of servants and the many places open at from

of sentiment on the part of the working women toward domestic service, the next generation of flat dwellers would have to have its housework and cooking done on the communal plan.

Кокомо, March 10. - Mrs. Mary Gano Bryan Cobb, the only surviving daughter of the Revo-lation west of Pennsylvania, and the second oldest of the five now living, received this week a handsome gold spoon from the Department at Washington as a souvenir. Mrs. Cobb is the most notable war widow in the United States. the most notable war widow in the United States. Her father was Capt. Daniel Gano, one of five brothers who followed their father. "Fighting Chaplain" John Gano, in the Revolutionary conflict. She is the widow of Louis H. Bryan, a voteran of the War of 1812, the great-grandfather of W. J. Bryan, the Democratic leader. She married Louis Bryan in 1822. He died in 1834. In 1836 she was married to Stephen Cobb, who has been dead fifty years. There are 2,700 widows of soldiers of the War of 1812, but Mrs. Cobb is the only one that is also a daughter of a soldier of the Revolution. Mrs. Cobb was born in Kentucky in 1803 and moved here fifteen years ago. She makes her home with a daughter, Mrs. Moses McDaniels, a widow, aged 77.

THE SAND GLASS STILL NEEDED. | LILIUOKALANI'S NEW BOOK. Used Nowadays in Sickroom, Music Room and Kitchen and on the Table

Sand glasses are made in large variety as to the divisions of time they measure. There are hour glasses, three-minute glasses, and so on; and these several glasses are used for many different purposes. The hour glasses mostly used in the sickroom and in the music room. In the sickroom it is used as a guide in administering medicine. With it there is no need of watching the clock, no doubt about when the last dose was given, or anything of that sort; but when the sand in the glass has run out the medicine is given and the glass is turned, and so on. In the music room it is used for the convenience of the teacher. and also for the guidance of the pupil. In the first case there is no occasion for consulting watch or clock. The hour glass stands there on the piano, and it is simply turned and set going at the beginning of the lesson, to mark the hour with certainty. It is used for pupils to practise by. With an hour glass in plain view there is no oc casion for running off to see the time, or for turning to look at a clock in the same room. Here, again, started at the beginning of the lesson, the hour glass marks the time without any doubt or un certainty, and, though the pupil may be glad to see the last of the sand run through, the hour glass

Half hour glasses are put to the same uses as tour glasses, and these and hour glasses as well are occasionally used by teachers in school or Fifteen minute glasses are used to a limited

s a timekeeper that cannot be disputed.

xtent for medical purposes; and, marking this division of time, the sand glass goes into the kitchen as an aid to exact cooking. There are also made ten minute glasses, of which a few are used for medical purposes, and this glass is also used in the kitchen. There is a five minute glass which is largely a kitchen glass, used to boil eggs by and for other purposes; and the threeninute sand glass is called an egg boiler

Besides the sand glasses used for these variou household or domestic purposes, there are sand glasses used for scientific and other purposes, a sand glass is used, for mistance, when the log is cast from a ship; a sand glass is attached to a machine made for indicating and registering the velocity of the wind, this method of marking off a period of time being in such uses more convenient than holding a watch wound be. The hour glasses and the sand glasses of the other larger sizes, while articles of regular sale for the purposes for which they are dised, are scarcely articles of common size. Of these farger

scarcery articles of common sails. Of these larger sizes, there are sold in this country some thousands annumity of the small glasses, such as the egg boners, large numbers are sold. The threesay anythin' about it to the other girls. Maybe | minute glasses would be found for sale in many stores and at wholesale they are column articles of sale by the gross. Of the sanu glasses, used for scientific and other purposes, the number

for strendic and other purposes, the number soid is again limited.

Sandglasses are made in this country, but much the greater number of those soid here are imported from Europe, where they are produced in Germany, France and England. The sand used in sandglasses is specially prepared by thorough cleaning including boiling, it is baken dry and pethans ground full the requisite linedry and perhaps ground into the requisite fineness and unnormity, as sharp sames would be likely to become wedged in the opening between the two parts of the glass. The sand is intro-duced into the glass through an opening left for that purpose in the end of one of the bulls, that opening being then scaled. The right quantity in each sand glass is secured by the very simple method of timing the flow from one part of the glass to the other. In glasses of the same size the opening between the two bulls, as the glasses are precinced by the glass blower would be apare produced by the glass blower would be ap-proximately the same, but it would be practically

are produced by the glass blower would be approximately the same, but it would be practically impossible to get them absolutely the same, and sames might vary more or less, so each glass is filled according to its requirement, there is put into an hourglass, for instance, through the opening left for that purpose, sand enough to run through the opening between the bules in that particular glass in one hour, as indicated by a clock or other timepiece; and every glass is individually treated.

Hourglasses, and sandglasses of smaller sizes, are manufactured in precisely the same form in which they have long been familiar to the mind, if not from actual use, at least from pictures, as for instance in the drdawing of Fathor Time with his scythe and hourglass. Many of the smaller glasses for various uses are now made with cylindrical metal frames or holders, having large openings in the sides through which the glass can be seen and the run of the sand noted, this sort of frame or holder being intended to make the glasse less liable to be broken. The glasses of one size and another are in fact put on the property of terres as 'to style and flush. classes of one size and another are in fact put up in a variety of forms as to style and finish.

The hour glass is very likely to up in a variety of forms as to style and finish.

The hour glass is very likely to appear unexpectedly large to one who sees on for the first time, and who has perhaps formed his idea of it from sandglasses of smaller size; it stands six or seven inches in height. The hourglasses is framed in various fine woods, as boxwood, rosewood, mohogany, ebony, and so on, hourglasses these frames are silver-mounted which in creases the cost to \$10 or \$20 or more, an hourglass with a frame wholly of silver, a simple but artistic and beautiful object, sold at \$100. Saniglasses are mounted on some of the egg steamers of silver, or silver plated ware; separate silver mounted three minute and five-minute sandglasses, used in boiling eggs on the table, sell at from \$8 to \$20 each. A three minute sandglass of the least expensive kind such as would be used in the kitchen, can be bought for twenty-five cents, or less.

While the sandglass in its various forms is thus commonly made to serve some useful purposes, it is also sometimes used for decorative or ornamental purposes, and senetimes the hour-

pose, it is also sometimes used for decorative or ornamental purposes, and sometimes the hourglass is made use of for the purpose of a souvenir. A traveller brings home, for example, some sand from about the Sphinx, or from Palestine, and as simple and secure a way as any in which it can be preserved is in an hourglass. The sand requires suitable treatment, including very lively grinding, but all this is readily done, and hourglasses of this kind are not infrequently made.

OLD DOMINION STATESMEN. The Early Political Prominence of Virginia Has Not Departed From It.

where the second control of the second contr In the early days of the Republic Virginia dents," so many of the earlier Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe having asty" came to be known and its influence recognized in the field of national politics for nearly twenty-five years, until the election of Jackson. This influence was ascribed to the unanimity of Virginians on national questions through the clan nish feeling prevailing among them and their opposition to the views of Hamilton and the other Federalists. With the admission of new States in the South and West and the relative decline of Virgini, a representation in Congress and the electoral college, its political power fell off until counties set up a separate government of their own and West Virginia became a distinct State. Following this Virginia was the battle ground between the Northern and the Confederate forces during the closing years of the war and it suffered more severely in material resources than did any other State. It is in consequence of these facts that the opinion has come to be accepted generally that Virginia has now no more than its proportionate share in the affairs of government,

but this is by no means the case. There are ninety United States Senaiors, when all seats have been filled, which is not the case at present, and Virginia's share is two members. Actually, in point of nativity, it has five. Sena ters Daniel and Martin, the two representatives of the State, are native bern Virginians, and in addition Senator Harris of Kansas is a native officultum county, Va., and waseducated at Luray, Senator Lincisay of Kentucky is a native of Rock bridge county. Va., and Senator Talinferro of Florida is a native of Orange county. Va. The present Virginia delegation in the House of Representatives is made up exclusively of native born Virginians, and is no exception in this particular, the general rule of Virginia being to elect native born citizens to represent it at Washington, and these only. In no other State of the country, perhaps, is this rule so fixidly observed, but it is not extended so as to apply to other States in which there are any considerable number of Virginian residents. Two of the Representatives of Iowa, one of the Representatives of Missouri, two of the Representatives of Maryland, and one of the Re There are ninety United States Senators, when

Marked as is the recognition given now in the field of politics to natives of the State of Virginia, it is by no means so great as when the Democratic party, to which most Virginians give allegiance, is predominant in national affairs. The Fifty-third Congress, over the Senate of which Adlai Stevenson, the last Democratic Vice-President, presided, had these Virginia-born Senators: Walthail of Mississippi, Coke of Texas, Hunton and Daniel of Virginia, and Camden and Faulkner of West Virginia. There were also Virginians in the Alabama, Iowa, Missouri, Tennessee and Texas delegations. Virginia is a State from which there has been continuously for many years a large emigration directly West and extending as far as Missouri and Kansas, but for some reason it has deflected north to Ohio and south to Tennessee, resuming its westward progress beyond the Mississippi at Missouri, so that the number of Virginians in Kentucky politics is relatively very small. Perhaps if the number was larger, there would be more pacific politics in Kentucky.

TRANSLATION OF THE HAWAIIAN

TRADITION OF THE CREATION. he Started Work on It While Imprisoned During the Revolution—The Chant Was Composed in 1700 by Keaulumoku—

Book for Private Circulation Only. WASHINGTON, March 16.-Ex-Queen Liliuoalani, the former ruler of the Hawaiian ington for the past three years, has just written book. She has applied to the copyright clerk in the Library of Congress for a copyright certifleate, giving the name of the book as "The Hawaiian Tradition of the Creation." The ex-Queen has had only a few copies of the book printed, and states that it is intended for private circulation only. According to the title page the book, which is in English and of about sixty pages, was translated from original manuscripts preserved in her Majesty's family.

The subject matter is the Hawaiian account f the creation of the world and is told in the form of a chant which has been sacred in the royal family for generations, but was never set down in writing until the late King Kalakaua, the Queen's brother, ascended the throne. The chant was composed in 1700 by Keaulumoku, and covers the history of the world down to the eightn generation preceding that of Liliuokalani. In the form of an appendix, the ex-Queen has added her own genealogy, bringing the chant up to date.

The introduction says: "There are several reasons for the publication of this work, the translation of which pleasantly employed me while imprisoned (in 1895) by the present rulers of Hawaii. It will be to my friends a souvenir of that part of my own life, and possibly it may also be of value to genealogists and scientific men of a few societies to which a few copies will be forwarded. The folklore or traditions of an aboriginal people have of late years been considered of inestimable value: language itself changes, and there are terms and allusions herein to the natural history of Hawaii which might be lorgotten in future years without some such history as this to pre-

Hawaii which might to lorgotten in litture years without some such history as this to preserve them to posterity. Further, it is the especial property of the latest ruing family of the Hawaiian Islands, being nothing less than the genealogy in remote times of the late King Kaiakaua-wio had it printed in the original Hawaiian language—and myself."

The ex-Queen says that this is the same chant which was sung by Puou, the high priest, to Capt. Cook, whom the islanders surnamed Lono, one of the lour chief gods, dwelling high in the Heavens, but at times appearing on the earth. It was finally adopted as a part of the religious service of the islanders, and with additions made from time to time, reached the period of the late King, who wrote it out.

"It will be seen, therefore," says the ex-Queen, "that as connecting the earlier kings of ancient history of the Hawaiian Islands, and as it is the only record of its kind in existence, it seemed to me worthy of preservation in cont is the only record of its kind in existence, it eemed to me worthy of preservation in con-

Liliuokalani, in translating it has preserved much of the charm. The epic divides the creation into sixteen separate eras or ages, and contrary to the Biblical version that everything contrary to the Bibliotal version that everything was completed in six days and that the seventh was set usible for rest, the islanders believed that certain parts of the world were constructed in each age, which extended over many generations. Here is the way it starts off, describing the creation of night, which was the first thing made:

was the first tring made:
At the time that turned the heat of the earth,
At the time that the Heavens turned and changed,
At the time when the light of the sun was subdued,
To cause light to break forth.
At the time of the night o Makali (winter). ien began the slime which The began the same which extands and the earth, The source of deepest darkness.

Of the darkness of the sun, of the depth of darkness, Or the darkness of the sun, of the depth of darkness. In the depth of night, It is night.

So was night born.

The remaining fourteen verses of this era describe the creation of coral, worms, star-fish, phosphorus, shell-fish, seaweed and gras-ses, trees and a few of the smaller animals. All iish, phbsphorus, shell-fish, seaweed and gras-ses, trees and a lew of the smaller animals. All were created in the darkness. Also, the first man, Wandioli, and the first woman, Wandiola. A peculiar feature of each verse describing the creation, is the retrain: 'So the gods may enter, tut not man.'

In the second or were created the larger fishes, and the growth of the island vegetation is described. The third or a saw the creation of birds and in-sects. In the fourth era begins the propogation of mankind, thus:

gloomy. The window of his room looked upon the pond that washed the walls of the chateau. The water was clear, and the surrounding scenery was beautiful but the young Lieutenant felt like a prisoner. Early one morning while seated at his window, trying to drive away the blues with a cigar, he espied below in the crystal water an enormous carp. The instinct of the angler, strong in Galliflet, made the young man's eyes snap and set his heart a throbbing.

The big fish was the private property of the Emperor. Consequently, for Galliflet it was forbidden fish. But it was such a fine fellow! The resistance of the soldier's conscience was useless it surrendered unconditionally. The remaining part of the campaign against the carp was simple enough. Gailiffet went to his trunk, brought out his trusty line, to which he fastened a hook and an artificial bait. With his accustomed skill he cast the line. The carp was hooked and hauled in through the window.

Here the Lieutenant's fun ended and his trouble began. The fish landed upon a table, overturned a large globe filled with water, and carromed from that to a magnificent vase, which it also upset and smashed to pieces upon the floor. The lit.

began. The fish landed upon a lable, overfurned a large globe filled with water, and carromed from that to a magnificent vase, which it also upset and smashed to pieces upon the floor. Then it began to execute a genuine pas de carpe among the smitherens.

The Emperor, hearing the strange racket overhead and seeing the water trickling through the ceiling, was astonished. He rushed upstatrs to find out what was the matter. Galifiet heard him coming, and endeavored to grab the carp and throw it out of the window and thus destroy the evidence of his poaching in the Imperial pend. But the slippery thing was hard to hold; so he tossed it into the bed and covered it up with the bedclothes. When the Emperor entered the room he noticed immediately the quivering bedclothes. He pulled them down and uncovered the floundering fish. His Majesty's face assumed an almost immaine expression, which gradually faded into a faint smile. He took in the entire situation, saluted and left the future War Minister to meditate upon the mysteries of a fisherman's luck.

TIMEPIECES AND PATIENTS. Device of a Sick Man Who Wanted to Know

What Time It Was. As the doctor passed the jeweller's window he took out his watch and compared it carefully with the reputedly infallible regulator. Returning the timeplece to his pocket with a slight nod

of satisfaction, he remarked to his friend: "A good watch is as necessary to a doctor as to any one alive. But it's funny to note how careful about their timepieces some people are Islands, who has been living quietly in Wash- to whom a few moments' inaccuracy would make during rather a long confinement to the house, sent his vale; every day to compare his pet watch fit of fidgets if all the clocks in the house were not right to the fraction of a second. He used to listen for their striking, and would have preferred them all to strike at the same rate and in exact unison. This being impossible of attain ment, he demanded of them that they should at least all strike, and finish striking, between the first and last strokes of the great beauty that stood in the hall and struck the quarters, and all four quarters before the hour. There were never fewer than five strokes, he explained to me, even at I o'clock; so he did not consider his demand unreasonable. As the end of an hour approached he would strain his ears for the first whirr of the hammers, and be became so implacable toward a French clock of great beauty of appearance and only a very slight tendency toward inaccu racy that he ordered it thrown out into the ash barrel. His daughter dutifully placed the clock in the barrel, then took it out and carried it to her own apartment.

if he were well, she said in defence of her duplicity, 'and it's such a favorite of mine! But I dare not let it strike, of course, she added regretfully 'I don't mind that part, for although I'm so far away from his rooms. I'm sure papa would hear it and recognize the tone at once, even if it could be induced to strike on time.' The old gentleman is around all right again now, but I've often wondered whether his daughter dare let the clock strike, even now."

"Was that the queerest of your experiences

this line?" asked the doctor's companion. "Well, when you come to that, it's not easy t say which is the queerest. But the one that af forded me the most amusement, I think, was an experience I had up in Chautauqua last summer. I was called in to visit a man who had a chronic disease that had kept him out of acuve life for some time, and at the time I was called in was suffering from a violent attack of indigestion. There was a good deal that was puzzling about the case, and as it was in the evening I was in no hurry, and sat down for a chat with the patient, a very pleasant fellow. I inquired very closely into details; so I spent over three quarters of an hour in the house. When I first sat down, the big clock down at the dock struck 8. Purely from habit, I compared my watch with it. There was but two or three minutes' discrepancy. Well, was but two or three minutes' discrepancy. Well, we had chatted quite a few moments when a small clock in the room struck 8. I again glanced at my own timepiece and noticed that the clock was fifteen minutes slow, but as my patient was talking brisidy I made no comment.

"After what seemed to me a very short time, a clock in an adjoining room struck 9. I was startled at that and looked at my watch very hastily. It was only half past 8. This time Mr. Morris noticed my action, and remarked that the clock in the next room struck half an hour fast. As there were still some things I wanted to know more about we continued to talk for another quarter hour. And then a big, deep-

wanted to know more about we continued to talk for another quarter-hour. And then a big, deep-toned clock in the room directly below struck slowly, majestically 3! This time I was nonplussed, the more so as Morris, watching my face, suddenly began to laugh.

"That clock, he explained, "is a quarter of an hour fast, and strikes six hours fast or slow, as you like to take it."

an hour fast, and strikes six hours fast or slow, as you like to take it.

"Well, I'll be —— I started to say but didn't finish and I continued. —— obliged to you if you'll tell me way you don't have your clocks put in order, I finished rather lamely. Not one in the house is right.

"Oh, it's not so bad as you think,' he replied.

'The one that struck 9 at half-past 8 is all right as to time, it's only the striking that is fast. And as to having the clocks put in order—why: doctor, I've spent a lot of time thinking this all out and getting them to work as I liked. I only got the clock downstairs worked in to-

she was still only middle aged. Her life was not long, but it was certainly marked by almost guests called the hostess up on the telephone, and with tears in her voice said: "There's no mean my waiting any longer. Here it is after 8 o'clock, and Mr. Banker isn't home yet.

But the hostess replied at once: "Don't werry, my dear. Of the fourteen who were to come, only four have come yet. There's something the matter on the road," and then she uttered the cheefful words: "When Mr. Banker comes, bring him here as soon as you can. We'll have dinner at any time.

Mr. Banker got home about half past 8 and four guests came after that. That's what comes of depending on a railroad for going any where. While the passengers were "waiting for the train to go on," one of them amused himself by gathering the various accounts of the accident from persons passing through the car in which he sat. Just before the block was broken he said that he had eleven versions of the accident ranging from "both cars off the track on the curve," to "the draw was open, an' the signal not set; sty lives lost." The number of killed varied, though lew versions were so fatal as the bridge draw version.

As to the dinner delays, it may be recalled that in '95, when the Brooklyn trolley strike called for the services of the New York National Guard in Brooklyn, several dinners and one big dance were declared of because so many of the guests were so fatal as the bridge draw version.

As to the dinner delays, it may be recalled that in '95, when the Brooklyn trolley strike called for the services of the New York National Guard in Brooklyn, several dinners and one big dance were declared of because so many of the guests were out with the Seventh and the Troop.

MME. BAZAINE'S CAREER.

THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF A MEXICAN

Her Meeting With Her Future Husband at Maximilian's Court-A Brilliant Career at Napoleon's Court in Parts, Followed

by the Troubles That Came After Mets.

From the Paladelphia Times. Pathos and comedy, romance and adventure are strangely mingled in the career which came not the slightest difference. I've a patient who, to an end when Maie. Bazaine died recently as a private hospital in the suburbs of the City of Mexico. During the last thirty years she twice with this particular regulator, and then had a passed from one extreme of life to the other. Every experience from a palace to a prion was bers She was among the most brilliant figures at two great courts in two great continents. Each time she saw the throne about which the court was gathered swept away, and each time the fortunes of herself and her husband went down in the ruins. Once they were raised again to even grander heights of power and influence, but the second time the wreck was complete, absolute, final. Instead of being first among the counselors of on Emperor, her husband, Marshal Bazaine. became a convicted criminal, condemned to death, but finally reprieved and sent to spend the remainder of his life in a case dungeon. From this living death he was rescued by the ingenuity and courage of his wife, who fled with him into exile and was his faithful helpmate until death came to end his ruined career. Surely no woman ever lived a more romantic life or gave stronger proofs of that devotion which endured ven unto death.

> In 1865 the Austrian Archduke Maximilion was seated on the throne of Mexico. His court was almost as spiendid as those of the monarchies Europe, after which it was modelled, and by which it was supported But already there were many indications of troubles shead. The revolutionists were gathering in the interior. The Churchmen were plotting in the capital itself. In this juncture Marshal Bazaine, a voteran French soldier of many wars in Europe and Airica, was made commander in chief of the armies of Maximilian. He was already a widower, having buried his young wife two years before his appointment. In this new position be showed himself a strong man, handling the complicated questions which arose with firmness and discretion. In personal appearance he was a typical soldier, sturdy in figure and martial in bearing, carrying his 54 years like a boy of 20.

One night in 1865, Emperor Maximilian gave a grand ball at his palace. Marshal Bazaine was foremost among the guests. As he was pass ing in state through the ballroom, a young Mex ican girl, who had been waltzing, tore the skirt her lace dress and stopped to repair it. The gallant French soldier was the first to come to her rescue. When the rent had been mended the young young girl thanked the great man and walked But Marshal Bazaine had for the second time lost his heart.

away with her partner. But Marshai Bazaine had for the second time lost his heart.

"Who is this "he asked of his attendants. He was told that the young woman was Mile. he le Pena the daughter of an ancient Mexican house. Then he excused himself, followed her through the crowds and begged the honor of an introduction.

Their courtship was short. Bazaine was asidier, accustomed to taking fortresses by storm. Mile De la Pena had all the tropical warmth of nature. Their engagement was amounced to the Emperor he gave them his blessing, believing that the marriage of his commander inchief to a native Mexican would tend to make his rule more popular and his throne more secure. When they were married the Emperor gave the young girl as her dowry the palace of San Cosme, located in a beautiful suburb west of the capital city. It is an imperial gift, for the buildings and grounds were valued at more than \$100,000. The unfortunate Empress t arletta gave the bride a magnificent necklace of diamonds.

The next two years were spent by Marshai Bazaine and his beautiful wife in and about the court. A child was born to them, and never was he old solder. Finally, the French army, under the pressure of the United States, was ordered to embork for home, leaving Emperor Maximilian to his fate. Marshai Bazaine and his wite sailed with the fleet which took the soldiers back to this fate. On his arrival the Marshal was greeted

with the fleet which took the soldiers back to France. On his arrival the Marshel was greeted

From the St. Louis Repusse.

William Douglass, who lives with his wife at 1503. Fine street, his queer ideas of matrimonial obligations, which caused him to access in the role of defendant in the First district police court yesterday morning.

Mrs. Douglass said she awakened her husband about 6 o'clock yesterday morning and told him to get up to kindle a fire in the kitchen, so that she could prepare breakfast. Instead, she said he told her to make the fire for herself, and that was what he had married her for. According to her story she got up and made the fire while he slept. When she saw that he was sleeping, she went to the bed and pulled all the bedichtes off, so that he was obliged to arise. At that, she said, he slapped her in the face, and held his hand over her mouth to prevent her from crying out. She managed to escape from him and notified Policemen Ryan and O Keefe, who placed both under arrest, on cross charges of disturbing the peace.